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Notwithstanding the fact that some few maliciously inclined folks have circulated the report that we have stopped the giving of Trading Stamps, we want it known broadcast that we still continue giving the Green Trading Stamps with every purchase of ten cents' worth or more, and that we will redeem, at its cash value, every Stamp that we give should the court's decision be adverse to us. Therefore go right along, do your shopping, secure your Stamps, and remember for once and always that the old reliable establishment of Lansburgh & Bro., with its thirty-seven years of honest business methods, is always ready to back any assertion it makes.

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------A ROMANCE IN LOW LIFE.

It was bot in Barker's Buildings. As a

natter of fact, it was hot everywhere, but

in Barker's Buildings one was fairly broded.

Attogether, what with the heat, and the

natigle, and the noise next door, where Mr.

and Mrs. Flinders were having a few words which meant a good many-Mrs. Wicks found herself taking a decidedry pessimists view of things in general, and Barker's

Pulldings in particular. "Lor", what it'd seem like to be down in the country agen. Sich a focl as I were ever to leave it. But then we're most on us fools once in our lives, an' it's no use cryin' over spilt inik; best thing you can do istotakea cloth an' wipeit up. But often and often I've arst myself whatever I see in Wicks to leave the village and 'ome an friends an' reliabuns, jest's though they was a lot of old lumber, an' come up to this yere great, grimy, 'ard-'arted, over growed wilderness o' bricks an' martar that there's no finding your way, uter once you set foct in it. Lawks a daisyme " wip ing the perspiration from her ferehead, what I' frive to see them parts agen where I was born and brought up, with the mod-

ders an' orchios, an' lanes, an' 'eiges, an' the cottage gardins where you could grow your bits of vegetabbles an' pick the cur ints an gooseberries off yer own busics, with a meegay to stick in a mug on the Her eye roved for an instant toward the

whetow ajon which the sun was concentrating its rays with such apparent single ness of purpose that one almost expected to see the rusty crape floricultural decorations of Mrs. Wick's headgear put forth fresh buds and leaves, and the mangle blossona like the rose

Between the blind and the curtain was a space through which she could catch a glimpse of the only view which Parker's Buildings provided for its inmates. It can sisted of a large asphalt square, surtounded by tall dingy, hideons brick erections, pierced with many windows four portable zone dustbox slightly relieved the monotony, the human interest being applied by a statternly woman sifting cirdets, the while her voice was upraised in material admonition toward sor

"You, "Lazabeti: Hann, wait till I gets 'old on yer, an' if I don't break every bone in yet body-

toir't like the country." admitted Mrs. Wicks with a sigh "The row then to do keep up next door, too, 's 'nough to deaten anyone. Seems like a woodso legged man when the drink's in 'im' worsen the ord pary." The deat aboved to admit a primbooking

atm.

"That you, Em'ly?" This being the sort of salutation that seemed to require no reply. Em'ly 6,ther wise Miss Wicks) made none, but put down her bundles, and, taking off her hat, him: its own particular peg beside he n other's best black bonnet - her second best as has already been intimated, graced Mrs Wicks' head; indeed, as a rule, she only took off her bonnet to put on her night

A smash, as of crockery followed by the apactting of a chair, and accompanied by a torrent of vitaperation in a bigh treble mused Miss Wicks to elevate her eyebrows

at her mother. He dea't gen'rally break out so early in he weekpassing today's only We'n'sd'v." observed Mrs. Wicks, deprecatingly, "Fore Mrs Flinders do 'ave a deal to put up with.' "So do we, for that matter," replied her

aughter. "What's the good of us working perselves to the bone to try and keep re ectable, when the neighbors carries on in sich style? Lithet the 'usbans bangs then wives or the wives bangs their children There was Mrs. Priggins, in No. 7, pitching into that gal of 'ers something shocking not two minutes ago. 'Lizabeth Hann's no angel, but 'itting of 'er over the 'enwith a shovel ain't the way to better 'er as far's I can see I'm sick of Barker's Pulld

'No steker's I am, comes to that," ar swered her mother. "Only what's the good? We must live somewheres." Miss Wicks shrugged her shoulders impa ently, and, supinning the bundles, proceed-

ed to count over the contents. A thud, followed by a scream, and the ise of something heavy rolling over the floor, seemed to indicate that a climax had been reached in the Flinders menage. They came the banging of a door, and the sound

of a wooden leg, somewhat the worse for drink, his tagging along the stone passage "I'll be getting the ten now," said Mrs. Wicks, with a sigh of relief; "p'raps we'll be able to 'ave it in peace and quietness.' She wiped her streaming face with he "I don't believe I got so much as a dry thread on me. That there mangle' agh to give a body the happerplexy, with the sun a-pouring in at the winder like we was a sorter patent fuel, as he was bound to

She was a little, bent old woman, wit scanty gray wisps of hair grabbed back tiebt and fixed into a hard ball with on ne-worn hairpin. Anyone who watched her as she trotted round, setting out two cracked cups and saucers and a battered oking roue of a block tin teapot on the cloth, would, on his own responsibility.

THE HON. HANNIS TAYLOR.



The former minister to Spain will deliver a lecture at the Catholic University tomorrow afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. He will speak upon the subject "Alaska," and it is expected that a distinguished audience will be present.

to the half-century which was all she could 'I did almost think I could a fancied a bloater with my tea." she added, as she made a kettle bolder of a back number of the parish magazine. 'They're two for three ha pence at the shopat the corner, at

finer you couldn't wish to see only what with one thing an' 'nother -- ''
"Ginnes the money." interrupted her daughter; "it won't take me above a minut. and I feel as though I could relish one my-

some stronghold in her petticoats, and Em'ly, sticking on her hat at a rakishungle, Mrs. Wicks had just set the teapot on the

Her no ther produced the amount from

ich to draw, when there came a tap at the "Who'll that be, now, I wonder? I do

Finders! Why? There ain I nothink the matter, I 'ope?" as it to all appearances was out of a towel, which had seen some service since it last encountered the washtub, was obviously not to be taken in an ofnamental sense. Mrs. Flinders, a large, flabby, unkempt-looking omar, who, undoubtedly, had not used Pears' or any other brand of roap of late, flopped down in the nearest chair-which creaked a remotstrance and broke into perspiration and tears.

What's he bin a doing of new?" asked Mrs. Wicks, at once diagnosing the com-

plaint.

Mrs. Flinders unwound a portion of the Mrs. Wicks' progress, however, was not the volume for left eye, which dopted the early-closing mevement, point tryin' to make a cold corpse of 'is welded wife, which he will, one o' these fine days

if I only live long 'nough."
"Dear, near!" exclanned Mrs. Wicks sym satherically, "and "im sich a good 'usban

"It's a true word you're speakint," swered Mrs. Flinders, "but for all that it's a widower he'll find isself with a rope 'is neck somer or later." "Me'n Em'ly thought we 'eard somethink

as though you was 'aving a little falling was Mrs. Wicks' delicate way of par "Fallin'! 'Twesn't tallin'; 'twas chuckin'

it at me me was, an' a mercy 'is alm wasn't o stiddy as it might be, or it's in my coffin i'd be at this very minuit 'stead o' sittin'

Mrs. Wicks expressed her sense of the criousness of the situation by clicking her tourne against the roof of her mouth prest

Was it the poker this time, or what?" "That's what's breakin' my 'art, let alone my 'ead," responded Mrs. Flinders, rivulets of grief ir igating the soil of her counter "To think o' the trouble I took, an' the way I won- myself out, goin' round the parish gettin' letters o' reckymendation to the sussiety as supplies wooden legs an glass eves on' sich like post free, oos 'is old one was done for, bein' broken it

places: an' proudel was fust time I walked out with 'im in the noo un. Little did think as in less'n a fortnight he'd be fling the old leg at my 'ead an' knockin' m brafas one as near as ever was. Sich a wife is I've bin to 'im an' all!" commented Mrs. Wicks, as visitor paused to take breath, "if we only selves, there's a many of us'd turn back

but I'H change my mind an' not my name. "You may well say that," sighed the When I married Flinders he was n the bricklavin, line, till the side of a case fell on 'im an' crushed 'is leg like it ad bin made o' wax, an' I thought it a fine bing when they give 'im the planny-orgin an' a donkey to drore it. by way o' cor said since us I'd rather 'ave 'imas he were stead o' with a leg as unstraps an' stand in a corner at night, an' gets shied at you permisc'ous when the drink's in 'im o things not jest to 'is likin'. But there,' drying her tears on a convenient corner of only some ow I felt as I must relieve mo

ind to somebody, an' you bein' a neighbot. let alone 'avin seen trouble -andful in is time, though I wouldn't wish o be casting it up agen 'im now he's gone an' it's atways been a comfort to me to know as I done my duty by 'im with bree crape tocks round my skirt, when

many'd a-said two was plenty."
"Well, I don't say I wouldn't do as mucl for Flinders, come to that, but then we women's timt lorgivin'. Any'ow I'll get 'im a bit of fried fish or a savelov for 'is

Mrs. Flinder: oozed out of the room, encountering Miss Wicks on the threshold, who gave her a cool salutation and eyel the tow-l with distinct disapproval.
"Why. Em'ly," was her mother's greeting.

Well, I wasn't going to be put off thole stock. But I've got two heauties. Half an boor later nothing remained but the skeletons of the feast.

To thinking," said Mrs. Wicks, as she set down her empty santer, "as I'll jest go up to Mrs. Midgetts in arst erfor the loan of 'er big Bible. The districk visitor'll be round tomorrer, and she was a complaining last time as the print fa ourn was too small, being near-sighted, and she do read so beautiful it's a treat as I don't like to miss, an' Mrs. Midgetts an'

"I've nothing to say against Mrs. Midgetts," answered her daughter, 'she's one as keeps 'etself to 'erself, and 'er place like a new pin. I'll wash up." she added, gra wish folks wouldn't come to the ring use at closely 'and if you've a mind to stop and meat times. Come in. Oh, it's you, Mrs. 'are a clust you can."

'are a clint, you can."

Having put herself into visiting trino by the simple means of turning down her business it is, too, good-will an' fixters an sleeves and twisting her apton round her the lease o' the cottage all going for £20. This, owing to a turban-like arrangement sleeves and twisting her apron re-ind her the lease of the cottage all going for £20, upon the vicitor's head, which, constructed waist. Mrs. Weeks set out. She had only to Twenty point! It might is well be a waist Mrs. Wecks sectout. She had only to turn to the right along a dark stone pas sage, ascend a flight of starts, turn to the left down another passage and knock at a door at the very end,—a drabeofared door, which lorded itself over its neighbors on the strength of a little iron knocker and a slit for letters, which last innovation the difference of the country—not being bora and the country—not be country—not being bora and the country—not being bora and th somewhat stank in the nostrils of the other inhabitants of Farker's Buildings thought o' that nice little business, an' the who were content to have their missives cottage, and the good-will in fixter-poked under the door. The knowler, as wenn to regiler 'aunt me.' tending to lessen the wear and tear of knockles, was regarded with comparative pathy

appeared, like the local tradesmen, to have so rapid as it reads, in consequence of her her brow, and sobbed: "bean' of? Why. countered en rights. Moreover, at one point the way was blocked by Mrs. Priggins, the prima virago assoluta of the Fulldings, who

happened to be in particularly good form 'Lizabeth Hann, it appeared, had been godly of "calling names" after a neighbor's child, and had thereupon been threatener parent. This reached Mrs. Priggins' ears who, accustomed as she was to best beoffspring black and blue, and any number of intermediate tints, herself, naturally re sented any encroachment on her maternal prerogative. She accordingly took ad cantage of an accidental meeting on the stairs to make a plain statement of what would be her plan of campaign-with :e spect to sundry eyes and linebs-if any out ider so much as laid the weight of he little finger on the said 'Lizabeth Hann-So it was with a sigh of relief and . case of having reached a haven of refuse,

that Mrs. Wicks found herself confronting the drab door with the little iron knocker A mild application of this last was productive of an invitation to "come in. "Lor Mrs. Wicks, that you? Why, you ar

a stranger, an' what a day it's bin to be sure. I've bin out a-washing, an' I don't mind ever in a felt the 'eat so before.' As far as outward appearances went, Mrs Midgetts might have been Mrs. Wicks't wir sister. She was about the same height an build, possessed the same nondescript or. lection of features, and crowned the whole double of Mrs. Wicks' headgear. She wa ditto Wicks, having turned up anything bu trumps in the matrimonial venture

Mrs Midgett's room was, like herself clean to the point of aggressiveness, but dif fered from Mrs. Wicks' apartment, mas much as there was no mangle; Mrs. Mid-gett's bed, with its blue and white check counterpane, occupying the place of honor oup for which disparity, it appeares that Mrs. Midgetts - who was discovered a tose upon her - was engaged with a bleater which might have been a connection b marriage of the two for which Mrs. Wicks and Em'ly had just made then selves pe

sonally responsible. "If you'll promise to go on with you visitor stipulated, "else I'll go, an' come a bit later."

"You won't do no sich thing," peremp cup a longer me. I'm sorry there ain't "Don't you mention it, now, Mrs. Mid potate parings or half-gpa wed crusts of

inished: what's more, we 'ad a bloater same as you're doin' was the answer, "I I enj'vs a little somethink with my tea. Dinner I don't get much time for. it's Sundays. And 'ow's you an' Em'ly oin gettin' on this while?

"Only middling. Emfly, she can't abide Barker's Buildings, an' she's been an' set erself agen the Flinderses next door, an what with one thing an' 'nother, she's al way? a-greenbling. Fack is, if it weren't or me an' the mangle, she'd like to good to service. She always was genteel from a child, was Em'ly, and 'er mind's set on them long-tailed cars what they're awearing now.

"Well," said Mrs. Midgetts, as wrestled with a broken-spouted teapot for its last dregs. "we're most on us set on omething, come to that. You'n me, we've got our facis an' fancies, I shouldn't wonder; only we keeps 'em to ourselves more.' "At., year're right there, Mrs. Midgetts; you're right there. I dunne 'ow 'tis with yer, but if there's one thing as I'm set on,

it's the country. There ain't nothink I wouldn't give, if I'd got it, to be able to go back to them parts I come from, as a 'aven't set eyes on for high eight an'twenty year. I'm feelin' it worse'n ever just now, an' I'll tell you why. There's my me's the best o' friends, an' she'll be only brother Jim's wife—he was a good bit too pieceed to lend it." brother Jim's wife—he was a good bit younger'n me, was Jim—down at Whittlebridge, she writes me a letter to say as old Mrs. Jenner's going to give up business, going to live a longer 'er son what's well to do, an' don't like to 'ave it said as 'i mother gets her living by the wash-tub while he drives is own greengrocer's cart. quite the gentleman. And a nice little

Mrs. Molgetts elicked her tongue in syn

"Ain'i that always the way? If you'dgot with it, an' because you ain't 'ere's som think as would suit you every way. I do seem fand, but this fere's a fand world Bless you, I know what 'tis to look forrard to a thing an never cit it after all! I've

mised to leave me a bit o' money? Mrs. Wicks needed, and leaned back i her chair in a manner that invited the other

Twenty pound it were, jest the very h dentical sun you was speaking of, an' made that sure of it, I got looking on i ame as though it was not own." 'And she never left you nothink after

Nothink but the Bible there," poo a bulky volume which, together with tea tray, two wine glasses and a chipoodle, composed a trophy that was muc admired by her intimates.

"Not as I'm one for running down th puble, 'scecially one with sich large print the same of Aunt Martha since."

"As I'm not surprised at." remarked M. Wicks: 'at.' that reminds me as that we the very thing I come out about. You sai you'd be pleased to lend it to me any time an' as locoerrer's the districk visitor' day. I thought it'd be nicer for her to reas a chapter outer. For you may say who you like, but it's a Bible to do any one credit, I don't keer who they are

"Take it an' welcome, Mrs. Wicks. den't need to tell you to be careful of it cottage antifixters, what's worrying yo wouldn't think of it more'n I could "I won't." said Mrs. Wicks, rising an taking the little carefully in her grass like "Any'ow. I'm glad I found 500 ia. It's wunnerful ow a little chat liver

"Well, look in agen soon," said Mrs Midgetts bespitably, "and as for the Bible you can keep it lest as long as ever you'r "Well, I'm sure it's uncommon kind o

you I s'pose, now, you made a p'int o looking it it to make sureas there wasn' nothink 'idaway, as I've 'eard of folksten ing bank books at ween the leaves?" Mrs. Midgetts shook her head despin

"No sich buck. Not but what I did this c' that myself, opened it in ever s'man places, an' turned over the leaves an' 'ek faside out. "Well, 'tis 'ard," said Mrs. Wicks,

can't say no less." She was more than ordinarily careful it descending the stairs, which were frequently dangerous by reason of stray shreds of

bread dropped upon them by careless fingers. In spite of which she nearly slippe: up on an emptypen-pod whichlurked about midway. "I never see the like of Barker's Build ings for strewin' things round," she in it tered, as she stooped to remove it. Then with the pod in her hand, her mind sudder ly switched itself away from its present un savory, squafid surroundings to the anat

tage at Whittlebridge "I reckon I'd soon be growing my own pear once I was down there," she adde under her breath, "an' vegetubble marrer

tomable paradis softhe washerwoman's con

The district visitor for Barker's Euild news

Lansburgh & Bro.

FOR YOUR THANKSGIVING

DINNER

If there is one day of the year that your table ought to have new table linen it is Thanksgiving Day. The table should look more

tempting, more appetizing on that day. Now we have an innumerable stock of Table Linen and Napkins from which you can select. We have a grand quality Linen Cloth for 50c per yard-much better for 622: and up to the very finest quality. Napkins to match. Fine lin:n Tray Cloths in extra values.

We Give Trading Stamps.

The green ones-the original kind. Come and get yours. You are entitled to a green stamp with every ten-cent purchase. What a string of people have had their book filled within the past week!

You ought to see their pleased countenances.

WE CLOSE AT NOON TOMORROW.

anstruiah 4

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Over 3,000 Diamond Rings from \$5 to \$1,000. Any article reserved a Christman upon a small de Desit. R. HARRIS & CO., Corner 7th and D Streets.

ings was an elderly lady, who filled her regularity deserving of more graticude than t commonly inspired. Mrs. Wiegs, bowever, by reason of her respectability and exem plary behavior, was a prime favorite.
"That's a fine Bible of yours. Mrs. Wicks."

(8)

parochial visitation. "I don't remember to have seen it before." Well, no." was the answer-there being

o very pressing reason for claiming the

Yes, I must admit my eyes are not what "S'pose we 'as a bit o' the old Testymint? a real 'igh opinion o' Samule ever since of the room "like," as her daughter put the circus come to Whittlebridge, a matter it, "she'd been bit by something." o' five an' thirty year ago, an' I see the way them beasts ramped round an' took

trinking 'bout' Course, Samule was the lit-tle box as always got up no matter 'ow

eige she found it stuck fast; took off her love, bleg it and finally was obliged to

ollow Mrs. Wicks' advice and moisten her finger and thumb "Strange that these two leave should be

"Why, Mrs. Wicks, you've been making a

tvings bank of the Bible. I had no idea ron were so rich. You had better take care f this while I finish my reading. And she handed her the note

Mrs. Wichs stretched out her hand me hanically, and her fingers closed over tightly. The reading went on. At least there was a huzzing sound, but whether it cas inside her head or out she couldn't have old. Finally, having delivered Daniel rom the hons and made a few appropriate and improving remarks, the district visitor took her leave-a little huffed, to tell the truth, at the idea that one who had always books all the while have been the posses

of hoarded wealth A short time afterwards Em'ly returning tom taking home some mangling, found er mother sitting down doing absolutel nothing, while the kettle protested and

colled over unbeeled. "Let, mother, whatever's the matter?" Not knowing what to make of such un-Mrs. Wicks regarded her for a moment

without speaking. Then "Well, I am' jest feeling myself, an' that's the truth." There was a sort of dazed look about her hat gave confirmation to the words "I'll make you a cop o' tea." said be

aughter, "that'll brisk you up. Got any This casual inquiry appeared to excite "Why, no: there ain't nothink the matte

Whatever made you arsk sich : "I thought, by the way you've got it doubled up, as you might 'ave 'urt it.' "No. no: it ain't that. It's somethink

"Maybe the pickies you 'ad at dinner, After this, seeing that instead of brisking up, her mother continued to feel like some edy else. Em'ly promptly ordered her off

"It's the weather that's what it is-that and the pickles." So Mrs. Wicks meekly obeyed the ma date, and retired to a state of unrest her right hand still clenched. "If only

"she'd feel like disowning of me. But then

she don't know what a orful temptation the thought o' that cottage with the good will an' fixters is. 'Tisn't as though Mrs Micgetts d miss the money, seeing as she sin't av afeonit, an' most like never would ave found it at all but for me. like I was meant to 'ave it, an' I might make it up to 'er some day." So she turned and tossed and sufferes the tortures of a guilty conscience through

the long, oppressive hours of an endless night, until disquieting dreams took the place of disquieting thoughts, and the greatest templation pursued her even in sleep. mother." remarked Miss Wicks as they sai at breakfast, 'grunting an' greating an calling out 'bout somebody o' the name o' Baniel, though who you could a-meant I can't think. And this morning you look i

one 'ow, and no more appetite that Then, with the laudable intention of cheering her parent up by the administra-tion of a filip in the abape of a piece of "What d'ye think I 'eard jest now

elf-appointed task with a thoroughness and Priggins's 'Lizabeth Hann's been and stole tupperce from Mrs. Finders's Bella She was going to fetch the supper beer along er that young 'assy, and puts down the jug and the money for 'arf a minnit while she tics her toot-lace, and when she comes to the observed in the course of her next | turn round the tuppence wasn't to be seen no more was 'Lizabeth Hann, and I do 'ear Mis. Flinders 'ave threatened 'er with the petice. Parker's Buildings was low 'nough before' but when Barker's Buildings takes fact that it was only borrowed. But I to robeing each other-not but what tup-thought maybe you'd find the print easier pence isn't much to turn thief for may

my gracioust' You wouldn't have wondered at her ex they were. What would you like me to clamation if you had seen the way in which read this thos?"

Mrs. Wicks set down her teacon with such violence as would most likely have cracked There's Samule in the denotions. I wouldn't it then and there if it hadn't been cracked and 'earing 'bout 'im. I've always 'ad already, upset her chair, and scurred out

Indeed, tad she been favored with the sight of her parent running-actually run when they was stirred up with a pole." I ning at top speed down the passage, failing "Daniel, you mean." was the correction. over Mrs. Flinders' cat, picking hereif up again, and continuing for headlong career ap a couple of flights of stairs and down the next passage, it is more than probable that arily he was called."

"Then we will take Chapter Six of the past recorded a wholly inadequate method of chronicing her amazement. Notwith-So she read on until going to turn the standing, this was the precise remark uttered by Mrs. Midgetts when burst m upon by Mrs. Wicks in a high state of flurr; and remotse.

"My gracious, Mrs. Wicks! Why, what-"I aim't fit to live that's what's time they were gun med. Why, what's this" they were gun med. Why, what's this "ier. I om an some a thing as I'd never they were finest discolored paper "ave believed I'd put my 'and to. You know what Scripter says bout robbing the

widder an' the orphan? Me, what's a wid der acvael" aa' a orohan this many a year What d'ye think I've got 'ere?" "Dirry bit of paper, I should say by the

"Paper it may be, and dirty it may be, on for all that it's a twenty pur not "My stars!" giving way to very natural stonishment. "Why, you are in luck! How

"Tam't mme."

"You." "Me!" in a sforzando of amaze "it's the money yer Aunt Marthy left ou. I found it in Daniel-in the den ons- and 'stead o' coming an' graing it o yer then an' there. I kep' it all night an' were trying to make op my mind to keep it altogether. Thought it'd lest come in andy to buy that little business I were elling you 'bout, an' you'd never a bin the But there, I tan in a den o' lions nyself ever since, an' pretty well tore to bits by being pulled first one way an' then I laid ever on it. "Ere," seeing the other ione. 'take it, it's yourn sure 'nough, and," ursting into tears, "call me-call me all the names you've a mind to, for there in't mone so tad as I am't deserved 'em-

This was too much for Mrs. Midgetts, tho immediately began to give way herself. "Why - why - you dear, good, yes. I do mean it, for I don't believe there's a 'onester going. The idea o' you making sich a to do! Taising 'bout roblang folks, an' sich nonsense. As if I dier't know better. I should like to know who wouldn't be took a-back at coming upon such a 'eap o' money all unexper And as for your keeping it all night, it's jest as well you did, for I know I shouldn't ave 'ad a wink o' sleep if you'd tock an' don't you take on, an' I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll buy that business with the lease an' fixters you was speaking of and ou'n me ve'll go down there an' manage t between us Lor', I shouldn't wonder but what we'll be putting money by in no time Any'ow, I shan't be sorry to turn my back

or Barker's Buildings neither." served. "I should jest like to ear any one on down the Bible after that!"-Cornhill

Just Retribution. (From the New York Press.) Playfully picking up the fusty gen, he faised it to his shoulder and pointed it at

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his friend. There was a sudden foar a sharp report. No the gun had not gone off. It was not loaded. His friend had merely risen and swatted him.

The Final Test.

(From the Chicago Record.) Until Emperor William quits writing songs and begins singing them, it is believed that the loyalty of the empire will be able

Do you know that you can bave The Morning, Evening and Sunday Times—the only COMPLETE newspaper published in Washington-served to you by carrier for fif y